

OUT OF BONDAGE

As the Allied armies penetrate into Germany the hour of liberty comes nearer for the millions of slave-workers now in the factories and fields of a nation for a time almost omnipotent in Europe. Their march out of bondage will be the greatest home-coming in history. An avalanche of people will surge out of the prison camps of their over-lords and turn their faces to the lands from whence they came.

This march out of bondage will test the Allied control of Europe to the utmost. Nothing like it has happened in the story of the Continent, for never in history has one nation laid hold of the peoples of other nations and compelled them to work on this immense scale for their conquerors. It is estimated that twenty millions of men and women have been driven like cattle into Germany to serve the Nazi war-machine. They come from all the occupied lands of Europe, and their tragedy is one of the most moving in all the story of mankind.

THE house of bondage and the miserable organisation which filled its gloomy chambers stand high in the account which millions of Frenchmen, Poles, Russians, Yugoslavs, Czechoslovakians, Dutchmen, Norwegians, and Belgians have to settle with Germany. Those victims will carry the seeds of hatred and the memories of horror with them to their life's end. Among them Germany has built up for herself a colossal debt of fear and suspicion which will take generations to obliterate. Just as the fear of Pharaoh and Egypt lay across the path of the people of Israel, and as the terror of the barbarians shook the peace of the Roman Empire, so the fear of Germany and her slave system will remain in Europe. Although by the destruction of Germany's tyrannical power we may finally dispose of that fear, the memory of it will lie heavily in European homes for years to come.

Like Going to a Promised Land

To march twenty millions out from bondage is among the chief aims of the armies of deliverance now probing into the vital regions of Germany. No armies in the world's history have been given such a magnificent task as this one which will strike the shackles from millions. This earns for Montgomery and Bradley's men the unalloyed title of Crusader, for this is a grand crusade if ever there was one. The British and Americans and their Russian Allies march to give life and liberty, "to open the blind eyes, to bring out the prisoners from the prison, and them that sit in darkness out of the prison house."

THE prophet Isaiah's vision was of a world cleansed of iniquity and servitude, oppression and greed, by men who had lived through a period of suffering and tragedy.

The twenty millions who come out of Hitler's house of bondage are men and women of hope like the people of ancient Israel. Going home for them is like going to a promised land. It means more than home—it means liberty to act, and freedom to speak and think. Can we hope that these liberated people will come back into the life of Europe enriched through suffering?

In their bitter experience in the house of bondage some men and women may have seen fresh visions of a restored Europe wherein a new empire of friendship may

flourish, and where frontiers may not be the barriers which divide nations but the portals which bid everyone welcome.

But before these men and women can make their visions become realities the free peoples have their privileged task to fulfil. For, as they begin to trek homewards, these millions of freed slaves will be bearing still an immense load of human suffering. To minister to them will strain the ingenuity and resources of the Allied Nations through the organisation of U.N.R.R.A. Not only will food, clothes, medicine, and, in many cases, homes, be needed, but something in addition so much more difficult to provide. These people will need the healing of the mind and sympathetic assistance to rebalance their life so rudely torn up by its roots. The tyrant who dragged them in will not lightly let them go, and will thereby further endanger their mental and moral health.

A Fellowship of Understanding

To minister to people like these will call out a new stream of patient and skilled help from the Allied peoples, and this may prove the means of further linking the nations together in a fresh fellowship of understanding. As the house of bondage gives up its captives so must the world's houses of healing be ready to give aid and service to a degree unprecedented in the history of physical and mental welfare. This is not just a settlement of people without homes, but the rehousing of the persecuted who carry in their minds and bodies marks of suffering which nothing can eradicate, yet which time and patient wisdom on the part of friends may do a lot to alleviate.

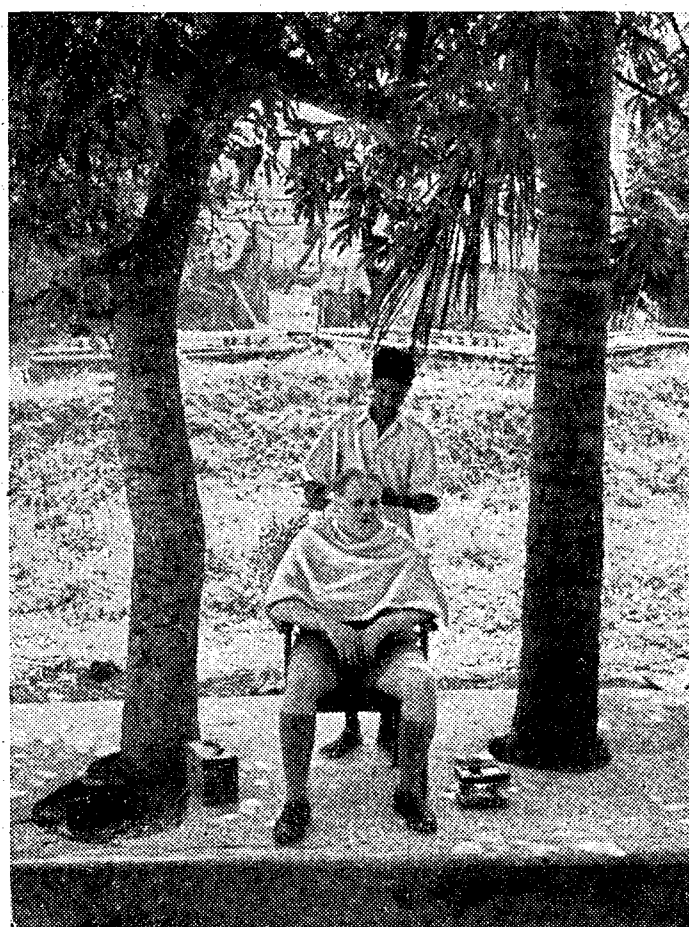
THIS vast movement of the peoples of Europe out of bondage has another important aspect. It concerns Germany herself. Her land has been a vast prison camp for Europe's peoples, and she herself has been a prisoner to the Nazi doctrines which have brought such prolonged misery to mankind. She, too, must be led out of the house of bondage. The Allied Armies have a double duty—to deliver Germany by the total eradication of her Nazis, and, also, to restore a new mental health among the German people. The Germans must be shown without any possibility of misunderstanding where their evil actions originated, and to what depths of ignominy they have descended.

A New Day For Europe

Truth must be implanted in the house of bondage as the captives are led out. Until Germany knows the truth she cannot be expected to follow it. Fed on lies and propaganda, Germany has been captive in her own land, and as she stands on the eve of deliverance it is our supreme duty to see that she both knows and understands. Her bondage to the evil past may be broken suddenly, but she will need long and persistent tuition into the new paths of freedom and democracy.

Europe stands on the eve of momentous happenings as the prison bars are broken. As the millions march home they carry the possibilities of a new day for Europe. As the people of Germany face their inevitable defeat they, too, have within them the possibility of a new day which will be glorious for all men reborn into a new Europe, free and unfettered.

CHILDREN'S EVERY TUESDAY 3d
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The Barber's Shop

Sergeant John Nichols of Rudheath in Cheshire, serving in India with the RAF, has an alfresco haircut.

FAIRY TALE CITY

ARGOSIES are very much in the news today, and the Adriatic seaport of Ragusa from which this word is derived has also just come into the news. For Dubrovnik, as the Slavs have renamed this famous city, has been liberated by Marshal Tito.

In a pre-war visit to this old, romantic seaport on the golden waters of the Adriatic we might have been in fairyland, so impressive were the high city walls, battlemented and turreted and silhouetted against a sky of brilliant blue. These walls have protected the city for centuries, for Ragusa probably started as a Roman colony about 639 A.D., and, after a flourishing period under the Byzantine Emperors, took its place in Europe as a republic from the 13th century until 1808. As Ragusa was second only to Venice as a trading centre between the west and the east, these five hundred years were the most prosperous of its history, although quite half of the population must have perished in the earthquake of 1667. In this disaster was destroyed the beautiful cathedral which stood on the site of the church built to commemorate the safe landing in a violent

storm of Richard Coeur de Lion in 1192, when on his way home from the Holy Land.

In 1808 Napoleon Bonaparte marched in and abolished the republic. In 1814 Ragusa became a possession of Austria until the end of the First Great War, when it was incorporated in the new state of Yugoslavia and became known as Dubrovnik.

In peacetime Dubrovnik is a famous tourist centre. The country above its old walls and historic buildings is wild and mountainous. Goats and cows tear at the poor grass by the roadside.

The good people of Dubrovnik display their craftwork proudly—embroidery, baskets, and a fine filigree silverwork. On a Feast Day, a religious procession wends its way through the twisted, cobbled streets, followed by young and old, who come for miles for the celebrations, all wearing their national costumes, dazzlingly colourful and rich with embroidery and ornaments. The plump rosy-cheeked country girls wear theirs with a just pride, for these dresses are often handed down from generation to generation, and each may be two hundred years old.

MacArthur Returns to the Philippines

THE Allies have opened a campaign in the Philippines which is planned to break in two Japan's new "co-prosperity sphere" in the Pacific Ocean. An enterprise of vision and audacity, it astounded the world as much as it surprised the foe.

Instead of continuing to attack and reduce one by one the far-flung outposts of Japanese dominion the Americans have made a powerful swoop upon the Philippine Islands. Their object is to cut off Japan's communications with Malaya, Burma, and all the islands of the East Indies now under her sway, and to establish a firm base from which to drive her out of Asia and finally to overwhelm her island fortress.

Dramatic force was added to the landing of the Americans on the Philippines in that their commander-in-chief was General Douglas MacArthur, who had there fought to the last cartridge in resisting the Jap invaders two and a half years ago. With him in his armada of 600 ships were all the battle-fit survivors who had escaped with him from Corregidor in twelve small torpedo boats. "I promise to come back," was the General's farewell message to the Filipinos.

Not only were these war-tired heroes again at the General's side, but there was also President Osmena, who has succeeded that Filipino patriot Manuel Quezon as the head of an island commonwealth to which America has long guaranteed complete liberty. General MacArthur had returned with the American Sixth Army and a colossal navy, which included some Australian ships, to keep his own and his country's word.

TRANSATLANTIC TRIUMPH

THE completeness of Allied control of the Atlantic Ocean has been revealed in a recent speech by the First Lord of the Admiralty. He told of the safe arrival in our ports of the mightiest convoy of all time, a fleet of 167 ships bearing 1,019,829 tons of precious cargo from North America—motor vehicles by the thousand, locomotives, steel, oil, and vital foods.

For 17 days these argosies of war steamed across the high seas—through calm, through fog, through gales—ever moving forward to their ports of discharge, ever under the vigilance of the escort vessels, which without exception flew the flag of the Royal Canadian Navy. So vast

The armada set out from newly-built harbours in New Guinea and covered the 1500 miles to the island of Leyte without enemy interference. The shores of this central island of the Philippines had been chosen because they are protected by the island of Samar from typhoons. To deceive the enemy his airfields in Mindanao to the south and Luzon to the north had been heavily bombed, with the result that the actual landing place proved a surprise, and its excellent airfields were quickly in Allied hands, together with Tacloban, the seaport capital of Leyte.

With an all-powerful Allied air force established on Leyte the quarter of a million Japanese on the Philippines will be divided in two and the communication lines from Japan to her half-a-million soldiers scattered to the south will be in jeopardy.

Not only so, but from air bases in the Philippines planes can attack ships carrying to Japan and her bases in China much needed oil and other materials of war from Borneo, Sumatra, and other rich sources.

Whether the complete reconquest of the Philippines be swift or slow the fact that the Allies have such overwhelming air superiority makes its final accomplishment certain.

Relentlessly, remorselessly, the Allies are moving forward in the Pacific.

was this convoy that it covered an area of 26 square miles (16,640 acres), and it took an escort vessel five hours at full speed to steam up and down the convoy lanes.

During the crossing only one U-boat was sighted, and even that was unable to launch an attack. As the First Lord said, "When it is possible for such a mighty fleet, carrying the sinews and supplies of war, to cross the Atlantic in complete safety, you will realise that we do not greatly fear any attempt the enemy may make to return in strength to that grey battleground, across which more than 350 million tons of shipping have been convoyed since the war began."

The A B C of Invasion

THE Germans are nothing if not thorough, and astonishing evidence of their thoroughness has come to light recently with the finding of a vast store of maps and documents in a garage in liberated Brussels. They were prepared for the invasion of Britain—the great invasion that never took place.

Maps there were by the hundred thousand—excellent maps, too—from 1-inch-to-the-mile maps of regions to 6 inches-to-the-mile maps of special districts. Plans there were, also, of coastal areas and towns, together with air photographs of

defences, and of bridges and important buildings.

All this, of course, might have been expected; but the Germans went much further than this, and prepared guide-books illustrated with views and containing not only a mass of geographical information (including the pronunciation of place-names), but also comment on the social conditions of the people.

In fact, in preparing their plans to invade Britain, the Germans, characteristically, left no stone unturned. The only thing missing was the invasion itself.

ROOSEVELT ON WINNING THE PEACE

AMERICA'S determination to help to make the peace enduring this time was emphasised in a speech by Mr Roosevelt in New York.

The President said that when the First World War ended he believed, as he believes now, that enduring peace has not a chance unless the United States is willing to co-operate in winning it and maintaining it. "A quarter of a century ago we helped to save our freedom but we failed to organise the kind of world in which future generations could live in freedom. Opportunity knocks again. There is no guarantee that it will knock a third time."

It is America's aim to complete the organisation of the United Nations without delay, for, said Mr Roosevelt, "Peace, like war, can succeed only where there is a will to enforce it and where there is available power to enforce it."

He spoke of Germany as "that tragic nation which has sown the wind and is now reaping the whirlwind," and said that the United Nations are determined that the Nazi conspirators shall not be left with a shred of control, and that Germany shall not be left with a single element of military power. "But I should be false to the very foundations of my religious and political convictions if I should ever relinquish the hope—and even the faith—that in all peoples, without exception, there lives some instinct for truth, some attraction toward justice, and some passion for peace—buried as they may be, in the German case, under a brutal régime."

Stern punishment there will be for all those in Germany directly responsible, but the German people are not going to be enslaved. "It will be necessary," said Mr Roosevelt, "for them to earn their way back into the fellowship of peace-loving and law-abiding nations. And, in their climb up that steep road, we shall certainly see to it that they are not encumbered by having to carry guns. They will be relieved of that burden—we hope, for ever."

We would emphasise that to ensure that there is no "third time" for Germany the United Nations must stand four-square in Peace as in War.

THE COST OF WAR

THE first five years of the war have cost the United Kingdom £23,893,000,000.

This was revealed by Mr Ralph Ascheton, Financial Secretary to the Treasury, in the course of a debate in the House of Commons. The debate followed a motion to grant a further credit of £1250,000,000, which was passed. Sir John Anderson, Chancellor of the Exchequer, mentioned that the daily cost of the war fluctuates considerably. For the three months ended June 30 the average daily cost was a little over £13,250,000, but for the succeeding three months it had risen to nearly £14,000,000. For a recent period of eight weeks there was a daily average of £13,750,000, of which £12,000,000 was for fighting and supply services.

LITTLE NEWS REELS

WOMEN may now become Fellows of the Royal Society.

The Admiralty requires photographs of scenes in the Far East. Members of the public who can help are invited to write to "photographs," Admiralty, London, SW1, stating what they can lend, and when taken. Pictures should not be sent until asked for.

A civil air service between London and Spain is now in operation.

Liverpool is soon to have the world's biggest penicillin factory.

In a single day recently Canada launched a destroyer, two frigates, a corvette, a minesweeper, a tanker, a patrol ship, two big freighters, and three other vessels.

Four stalls in Westminster Abbey have been allocated to the High Commissioners of Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa, and will bear the Dominion Arms.

Laval's country home is to be a reception centre for refugees. His furniture and paintings are being sold by auction.

Between 20,000 and 22,000 teachers from public and elementary schools are serving in the Forces.

One of the treasures of Gloucester Cathedral, a 16th century painting of the Last Judgment, was destroyed in an air raid on London, where it had been sent for cleaning.

Liberation News Reel

DURING July, August, and September, Allied planes dropped 6 million propaganda leaflets on the Japanese in Burma.

During the American attacks on Formosa, the Japanese lost 934 planes.

In the five months from the landing at Anzio to the fall of Rome, the 1st Infantry Division earned 207 decorations.

Since the war started 138 German Generals have been killed at the front.

Within 30 hours of being attacked by the Royal Navy, the Aegean island of Lemnos was captured.

Flying bombs have recently been used by the Germans in Flanders.

Youth News Reel

A YOUTH House has been opened at 47 Melville Street, Edinburgh, for the benefit of all youth organisations in the Scottish capital.

Mr Ifan ap Iwan Edwards has been elected President of the Welsh League of Youth.

Corporal Sally Playford of the 1st Sunbury Company, Girls Life Brigade, has been awarded the Distinguished Service Medal of the G L B for her rescue of three boys from a raft caught in bushes in a gravel pit.

Fulfilling a promise made when in London last May, Mr Peter Fraser, Prime Minister of New Zealand, attended a rally of the Girls Life Brigade and Boys Brigade in Auckland and presented the G L B Distinguished Service Medal awarded to Naida Lowe.

Members of the Northampton Battalion, Girls Life Brigade, have raised £500 to endow a cot in the Manfield Orthopaedic Hospital,

The original of Dickens's *Our Mutual Friend* fetched £4250 at a New York auction. The manuscript of Poe's *Murders in the Rue Morgue* realised £8500.

THE Parliamentary Secretary of the Ministry of Supply wore a demobilisation suit in Parliament recently "for purposes of this debate."

Many Russians who had been conscripted into the German Army are now helping to harvest 12,000 acres of sugar beet in Yorkshire.

Bristol is to have the honour of receiving into its possession the *White Ensign* flown by H M S Jamaica in her engagement with the Scharnhorst.

According to a written Parliamentary answer, heating a passenger train takes three pounds of coal a mile.

The town of Croydon near Melbourne, Australia, has adopted its namesake in England, and proposes to send warm clothing and extra food in time for Christmas.

Many Twickenham householders have received their rates demand notes in black-edged envelopes.

An air base at Goose Bay in Labrador has been leased to Canada for 99 years by Newfoundland.

Any C N reader who would like a share in honouring the memory of R. J. Mitchell, designer of the Spitfire, should send a donation (however small) to the Appeal Headquarters, 59 New Oxford Street, London, WC1.

UP to October 18 the Americans had sunk 956 Japanese ships.

By the end of September nearly 7000 tons of supplies had been sent to Yugoslavia by air, and nearly three times that amount by sea.

From the beginning of hostilities in the west to the end of August casualties of Imperial Forces there engaged were 103,842.

The great artificial harbours built on the Normandy beaches were known by the code word Mulberry.

Many hundreds of thousands of tons of rubble from our bombed cities were used in the prefabricated invasion harbour at Arromanches in Normandy.

where Senior Girls of the Battalion have been giving voluntary part-time service.

The Ministry of Agriculture has asked Boy Scouts to collect acorns to help pig and poultry keepers. The money thus earned by most Scouts goes to charity, or for the purchase of camping and training equipment.

THE Scout Certificate of Merit has been awarded to Rover Scout Alfred Bardall, of the 10th St Marylebone Group, for his outstanding Scout service. For five years he has been on duty every night at a Hospital First Aid Post.

Dr Cody, President of the University of Toronto, is the new President of the Canadian General Council of the Boy Scouts Association. He is a kinsman of Buffalo Bill.

The National Association of Girls Clubs and Mixed Clubs has a new headquarters at 29 Devonshire Street, London, W.

ANTHONY OF THE SEVENTH

THE teachers and students of Prince of Wales College at Achimota in the Gold Coast have "adopted" the men of the 7th Battalion of the Gold Coast Regiment, now fighting the Japanese in the Far East. Though these African soldiers are thousands of miles from their homes and families, Achimota will see that they do not feel lonely or forgotten.

In choosing the 7th Battalion Achimota is proud to honour an old pupil and lecturer, Seth K. Anthony, who is now a captain in the unit. Seth Anthony worked his way through the ranks on his own merits, took a training course in Britain at the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, and became the first African commissioned officer in the West African Forces.

PAYE BUS

PAY AS YOU Enter the bus is a new idea now being tried out by London Transport. An experimental bus has been operating on the No 65 route, Ealing to Hook in Surrey, and the public have been asked to say what they think of the idea.

The new bus has its platform and staircase in the centre; and near the entrance is a small desk at which the conductor sits and issues tickets from a machine similar to a cash register. A pneumatically-operated sliding-door is also controlled by the conductor.

The new system will not only save conductors many miles of walking to collect fares, but, it is hoped, will give greater safety to passengers.

PREFABRICATION IS NOTHING NEW

EVERYBODY knows that "prefabricated" houses of various kinds will become temporary homes for thousands when the war ends. Few people, however, know that prefabricated buildings were known as far back as 1481.

In that year King John of Portugal began the practice of sending out trading ships equipped with special prefabricated forts as protection against the natives with whom they dealt. One of these forts, rebuilt and modernised, is actually still in use today at Elinina Castle, in the Gold Coast, being at present the home of some recruits of the West African Air Corps.

CEYLON'S FIRST DFC

WHEN the boys of a school in Ceylon had a special holiday recently they were proud as well as pleased. The holiday was in honour of an old boy, Pilot Officer Amerasekera, the first Ceylon airman to win the Distinguished Flying Cross in this war. He showed exceptional valour in the face of the enemy during flights over Germany.

This Ceylon schoolboys' hero is one of more than 70 young men from Ceylon who have been trained under the Empire Air Training Scheme for duties in the R.A.F. Many of them take part in operational flights in the great task of subduing our enemies. When you see the shoulder flash "Ceylon" on an R.A.F. uniform you will know that the airman is one of those who, of their own accord, have come half across the world to help Britain.

The Largest Building in the World

AMERICANS have always worshipped the great god Size, yet for once they have created a building whose sheer immensity has alarmed even some of Uncle Sam's own countrymen.

It is the Pentagon building in Arlington, Virginia, the largest in the world. It stands on the River Potomac, facing Washington's Capitol; and some idea of its huge size can be gathered from the fact that several such Capitols could be built within its boundaries with room to spare. From the conception of the idea to the completion of the building only 18 months elapsed; as many as 15,000 builders were employed. By January 1943 all the 40,000 employees of the U.S.

War Department, formerly occupying 20 separate buildings, had moved in.

Laid out as its name suggests in the form of a pentagon, with an open space of the same shape in the centre, this building covers a gross floor area of six million square feet. Its five sides are each 921 feet long, so that it is nearly a mile all round.

Yet in spite of its size this £13,000,000 building has but one lift and no stairways. Instead, access between the five storeys is by means of eight ramps, 20 to 30 feet wide. There are 16½ miles of corridors, but to go to another part of the building one has only to hop on a bus or a taxi, as a road runs all round

inside the great building itself.

In most ways this building is super-modern. Every cubic inch is air-conditioned and a constant temperature of 77 degrees is maintained by an automatic electric eye on the roof, which measures the intensity of the sun. Although coal is used as part of the heating system there is neither smoke nor soot, thanks to the mechanical dust collectors installed on the chimneys.

It may well be asked what will become of this enormous building after the war, for though the U.S.A. like Russia and ourselves, is determined to "be prepared," in time of peace the U.S. War Department can hardly employ 40,000 men and women.



On the Way to Greece

Men of the R.A.F. Regiment were among the first British troops to set foot in Greece. This photograph was taken on a landing craft as it approached the mainland.

PROUD RECORD

NORTHERN IRELAND has a splendid record in its wartime agricultural production.

Official statistics show that there has been a 78 per cent increase in the tillage area since 1939, against a 69 per cent increase in England and Wales, and 65.9 for the United Kingdom.

In this period crop acreage in Northern Ireland increased from 470,828 in 1939 to 850,730 last year.

This year oats, potatoes, and flax between them account for 91 per cent of the ploughed area in Northern Ireland. By far the biggest crop is oats, representing more than 52 per cent of the whole area. Cattle, numbering 885,799, reached the highest figures ever recorded.

LEFT, RIGHT!

THE Eighth Army now has a march of its own with a chorus written by John Masefield, the Poet Laureate. Field-Marshal Montgomery has expressed his delight with it in a letter to its composer, Alonzo Elliott, the American musician who also wrote the famous Long, Long Trail.

Perhaps we shall all have a chance to hear it when the gallant Eighth comes marching home. May it be soon!

The Power of Ten Million Men

INDUSTRIAL chemists in America are now producing petrol, refined by a new process, that will enable planes to fly faster and higher and for longer distances. When it is safe to do so doubtless an authority will give us the story of this triumph expressed in terms of power generated. Sir Frank Smith, a scientist of renown, has already told us something of the energy released by the petrol now used by Flying Fortresses and Lancasters.

Men make the machines, and extract the petroleum from the earth and refine it, then guide the product through the skies. The power so brought into play makes the ordinary mind dizzy. One of our great 1000-bomber raids, Sir Frank has shown, requires energy equal to the full physical power of ten million men, or that of all the able-bodied men in Britain. From that it is easy to calculate the power expended by Allied planes flying in thousands at a time.

Who will tell us the total of the energy consumed by the new super-Fortresses, using the latest high-grade petrol?

HALIFAX TO HERMES

DETAILS have been announced of another British plane for the post-war airways. It is a peacetime version of the famous Handley Page Halifax bomber.

The new plane, the Hermes, will carry fifty passengers in a specially "pressurised" cabin, complete with steward's pantry, and dressing-room; the cabin will be easily converted for night flying with comfortable sleeping berths. As a freighter the Hermes will be capable of carrying a 16,000-lb load; and it will fly at 240 m.p.h. at 10,000 feet for a 2000-mile non-stop journey. The fuselage of the Hermes will be circular instead of square as in the Halifax.

AN ISLAND HOME

ERISKA, an island in Argyllshire, not to be confused with the island of Eriskay in the Outer Hebrides, was recently sold.

Situated at the mouth of Loch Creran, about fifteen miles north of Oban, it is roughly one and a half miles long and a mile broad, a bridge linking it with the mainland.

It was disclosed that the island had been acquired for the great-grandchildren of the late Mr. Stewart who owned the island about sixty years ago and was responsible for its being converted into a model estate.

THE SERGEANT TOOK COMMAND

A POMERANIAN dog bearing the quaint name of Sergeant Fleabite has received a special medal from Our Dumb Friends' League for saving his master's life in Normandy.

During the battle of St Lo, the sergeant was with his master, Private Mantooth, of the American Army, when suddenly he raced from the spot where they were lying, and Private Mantooth, feeling sure that this meant something, followed.

Dogs, of course, have exceptional hearing and are conscious of high-pitched sounds which the human ear cannot register. What Sergeant Fleabite had heard was a distant 88-mm shell coming from the enemy's lines. The shell exploded on the very spot where Private Mantooth and his dog had been lying. The soldier was wounded; but he would certainly have been killed if the dog had not given his master an urgent warning.

MAORI MAIL

AN unusual commission on behalf of many Maoris in the Rotorua district of New Zealand was undertaken by Lieutenant-Colonel E. T. R. Wickham, leader of the United Kingdom Parliamentary delegation which recently visited the Dominion.

When in Rotorua Colonel Wickham said that he hoped to visit the New Zealand troops in Italy. He was soon surrounded by Maori women and girls who were hastily scribbling notes to their husbands and sweethearts with the Maori battalion. Some of the messages were even written with poi balls. Poi is a kind of bread made from ground taro root. The colonel agreed to act as postman.

ROUNDING UP THE RUBBER

"GONGONG was beaten," as Africans say, when the Ruler of Bechem in the Gold Coast called a meeting not long ago. The sound of the gong beat a summons to all the Bechem people who make it their business to collect liquid rubber from the wild rubber trees. More than twenty rubber tappers came to discuss how they could meet war needs by collecting yet more rubber.

They decided on a great rubber-collection drive, and elected a Chief Rubber-Tapper to set it going; and at the same time agreed that one-sixth of their earnings should always go into war charities.

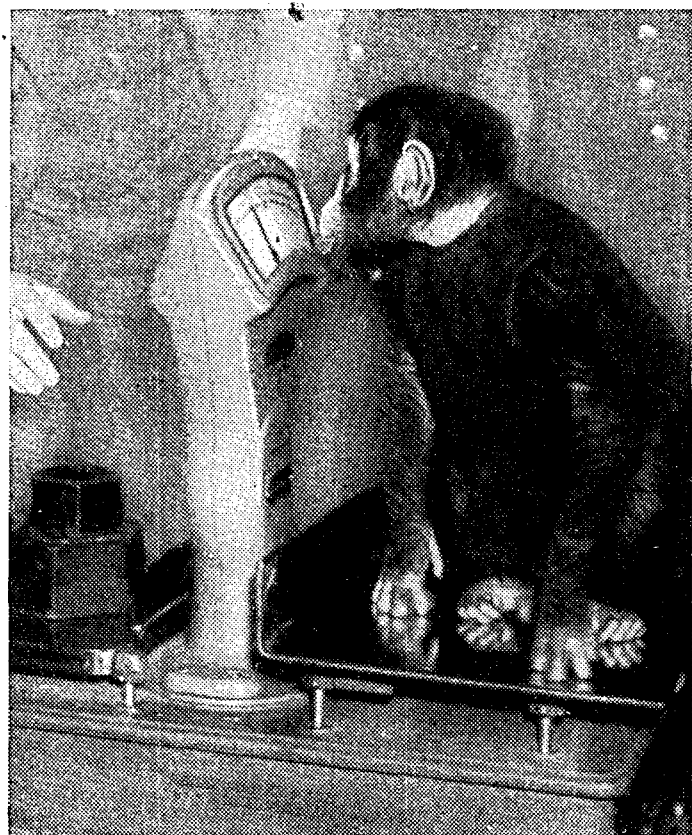
TEAM WORK

GOOD work that is beyond the powers of a single individual can often be accomplished by selfless team work; and the same is true of cities. For instance, the finest radium centre in the country, built by the pooled resources of Sheffield, Barnsley, Doncaster, Chesterfield, and Nottingham, has been envisaged by Dr. Blomfield of Sheffield Radium Centre.

No one town or city, said Dr. Blomfield, could stand the cost of building and equipping a centre such as he wanted to see, and by combined resources it would be possible to secure the services of the experts needed to treat disease by radium and X-rays. Sheffield has one of the largest radium centres in the country, but before the best treatment possible could be given a team of experts was needed.

November 4, 1944

The Children's



Chimp in the Balance

Micky, a young chimpanzee among the first batch of animals to arrive at the London Zoo since early in the war, checks his weight on arrival.

V V FOR VANISHED VICTORY

It is interesting to note that in the latest pronouncements of the Nazi leaders the word Victory has no place at all. How things have changed! The Fuehrer rarely makes speeches these days (events have evidently left him speechless), but formerly he seldom rose to his jack-booted feet without ranting of victory.

Let us recall just a few of the glib utterances of this Prophet Without Honour Outside His Own Country.

November 8, 1939. There can only be one victor in this war, and that victor will be ourselves.

July 19, 1940. If this struggle continues it can only end in the annihilation of one of us. Mr Churchill thinks it will be Germany. I think it will be Britain. I speak as a victor.

January 30, 1941. We stand here on this continent, and from where we stand nobody can move us. Our belief and confidence is that we shall achieve victory.

September 30, 1942. National Socialist Germany together with her allies will come out of this war with glory and victory.

March 21, 1943. In the months to come we shall achieve the successes necessary for final victory.

Fortunately for everyone except the Nazis those necessary successes were not forthcoming, and by September 10, 1943, Hitler was content to be grateful for every hour given him "to make by my labours this greatest war in our history a successful one." Since then his voice has been rarely heard by his people, and it is significant that his latest message to them was a proclamation read by others and announcing the formation of a People's Guard "to keep hostile forces clear of the German Reich until a peace is guaranteed."

A last despairing cry it really was, without one word of cheer or any real ray of hope—and certainly no mention of victory.

The Flight of the Spiders

A WEEK or two ago our gardens were peopled by multitudes of spiders. Where are the spiders today? The majority of them are voluntary evacuees. They came from the egg so fully charged with nutriment that they required no food for months, and moreover, unfed, were able to form the silken threads which, caught by the breeze, lifted them into the air and bore them sailing away and away, for who shall say how far? Naturalists on foot have followed them for hundreds of feet before the little aeronauts, rising with an ascending current, disappeared.

Darwin, during his famous voyage on The Beagle, saw the

air thick with spiders riding their gossamer through the summer air. They descended on the ship in thousands. The ship was 60 miles from land!

They seemed in no need of food, but were full of vigour when they landed on the deck and rigging; but they had travelled through hot, dry air, and they drank eagerly from drops of water that they found. Who can imagine the aerial adventures and journeys' ends of the tiny young spiders that went sky-sailing from our gardens in the gossamer days of October? Have all of them been as fortunate as the spiders that alighted on The Beagle a century ago?

FUEL FOR THE ENGINES

THRILLING stories of gallant endeavours that bring maimed ships, both British and American, safe at last to port, have made English-speaking people everywhere proud of their seamen in this war. These men are true to type, repeating today the heroism of their predecessors in the Services of the Sea. Two examples of the kind shine in the records.

One was in the Far North last century when George Washington de Long, an officer of the United States Navy, seeking the lost ship, *Polaris*, entered the dreaded Melville Bay in a little launch only 32 feet long and eight feet deep. A tempest blew monstrous icebergs out behind her from shore and forced the thick pack-ice to close in around her. In order to prevent ice from forming about her the launch was kept steaming to and fro until the capsizing of a berg flooded her and put out her fires.

Burning the Boats

Everything in the craft was drenched, but a sailor, putting wet matches next to his skin, dried them after two hours' treatment, and so with a few shavings and oil the fires were restarted. An opening at last occurred in the ice, and the launch was headed for it. By this time, however, her coal was all but gone. Thereupon De Long ordered all the ship's pork to be flung into the furnaces, and so with pork crackling beneath her boilers, the tiny ship was enabled to make her escape from the ice to safety.

We often hear the phrase "burning the boats"; in the last war the 9800-ton British cruiser *Kent* did it to some purpose. She had fought for several hours in the victorious battle of the Falkland Islands when, the German cruiser *Nurnberg* stealing away, the *Kent* was ordered to pursue and sink her. The German vessel was a 25-knot ship, and modern; the *Kent*, 14 years old, was never expected, even when new, to do more than 22 knots. But her stokers, fired by the enthusiasm of the officers and crew, worked her up to the unprecedented speed of 24 knots. Then word reached her captain that the coal was nearly exhausted.

"Very well, have a go at the boats!" he said. And they did. The boats were all broken up, and their timbers, smeared with oil, were flung into the furnaces. After that almost every stick of timber in the ship went to feed the flames. The old *Kent* broke all records—she achieved 25 knots. She caught the *Nurnberg* and sank her.

That is the spirit, American and British, which animates the men today who, throughout the deadliest hazards of this war, have kept the engines going.

THE SKY HOOK

AN American recently made a great invention, one which will very much affect the delivery of supplies to our soldiers.

Like Sir Isaac Newton, he arrived at his idea by watching an object fall from a tree, but in this case it was a tiny winged sycamore seed. As he watched it spiral to earth, in his mind he formed plans for the "sky hook," a container for carrying 70 lbs of supplies to earth more accurately than any parachute.

The EDITOR'S TABLE

Justice Must Be Done

WHAT is to happen to Germany and its people after the war?

The subject was debated by the Trades Union Congress at Blackpool and, by a huge majority, a report of the Anglo-Soviet Trade Union Committee was adopted.

The report demanded that the deserved punishment for their crimes be meted out to "the Fascist bandits and their accessories"; it said that the German people cannot be absolved from all responsibility for those crimes; and strongly opposes the appeasement policy of those who are endeavouring to mitigate the punishment of the Hitlerite criminals.

Extra Helpings All Round

THE Minister of Food, in the bountiful rôle of Santa Claus, has pleased us all with his promise of extra helpings of good fare for Christmas. For the young, too, there is special mouth-watering news of an added half-pound of sweets.

But the best news of all, and the most refreshing, was reserved for the deserving old people of 70 and over—an extra ounce of tea a week until further notice. There is no doubt that the small tea ration meant hardship for old people, particularly for those leading lonely lives.

As everyone recognises (except mathematicians perhaps), a pot of tea for one needs more than a quarter of the tea required for a pot of tea for four; and so, of course, everyone is delighted that in future our old people will be able to make more frequent brews of the cup that cheers.

JUST AN IDEA

If you wish to know a man, clothe him in great power.

CARRY ON

THUS USE THY YOUTH

BESTOW thy youth that thou mayest have comfort to remember it when it hath forsaken thee and not sigh and grieve at the account thereof. Whilst thou art young, thou wilt think it will never have an end; but behold the longest day hath his evening, and that thou shalt enjoy it but once that it never turns again; use it, therefore, as the springtime, which soon departeth, and wherein thou oughtest to plant and sow all provisions for a long and happy life.

Sir Walter Raleigh

In Calm and Storm

AN honest soul is like a ship at sea That sleeps at anchor on the ocean's calm: But when it rages, and the wind blows high, She cuts her way with skill and majesty. Beaumont and Fletcher

OUR LOVELY

WE are pleased to note that the Government has added to the Town and Country Planning Bill a clause which will restrain a local authority from demolishing beautiful or historic buildings unless, in the opinion of the Minister, satisfactory re-planning of an area cannot be achieved without demolition. This welcome addition was due to an appeal made in the House of Commons by Mr Keeling, who said:

"Parliament has on many occasions shown its concern for such buildings, but there is no existing legislation which makes any provision for ascertaining what particular buildings should be regarded as worthy of preservation."

Finding the

MANY thousands of teachers will be required in the next few years and, with the idea of helping to meet the demand, Bangor Education Committee has asked each headmaster to nominate ten pupils who wish to train for the teaching profession. The pupils would enter a local secondary school and remain there until they are 18.

Under the E

SOME workers want shorter hours. The clocks would have to be altered.

CORRUGATED iron makes a sound roof. A noisy one.

CANADA has had an increase in dressed poultry. Must have some spare clothing coupons.

WHAT is a good present for a boy? Today.

A FAMOUS judge can darn a sock. But never puts his foot in it.



At Ev

Poor and inadequate the shadow-play Of gain and loss, of waking and of dream, Against life's solemn background needs must seem At this late hour. Yet, not unthankfully, I call to mind the fountains by the way, The breath of flowers, the bird-song on the spray, Dear friends, sweet human loves, the joy of giving And of receiving the great boon of living In grand historic years when Liberty Had need of word and work, quick sympathies

PERFECT FREEDOM

THE people whose freedom is most complete is the one that contains the largest number of citizens able to live independently on the fruit of their own toil.

Burt

HERITAGE

ation. I am afraid that, as matters now stand, the practice too often is to demolish the building first and then to have a discussion as to whether it should have been preserved."

The importance of planning is thus underlined. Preservation of beautiful or historic buildings is a duty which we owe to posterity. Such buildings maintain our tradition side by side with necessary new developments. Moreover, their preservation will keep England the England that all the world has known, so that, notwithstanding the march of time and new conceptions, our country will remain—to quote Milton—"The cynosure of neighbouring eyes."

Teachers

When the headmaster of Bangor Central Mixed School put this offer to his pupils recently he discovered that not one of the boys wanted to become a teacher, so ten girls were nominated.

This comes as a surprise from a university city in Wales, a country which has always been so prominent in education.

Editor's Table

PUCK MORE paper is to be allowed for books.
S TO Should help us to turn over a new leaf.

As regards household linen, housewives may soon be able to meet their pressing needs. If they have irons.

LETTUCES in a frame may damp off at this time of the year. Not a pretty picture.

A SEASIDE corporation has awarded a cup for the best allotment. Will it all go in?

Antide

For all who fail and suffer,
song's relief,
Nature's uncloying loveliness;
and chief,
The kind restraining hand of
Providence,
The inward witness, the
assuring sense
Of an Eternal Good which
overlies
The sorrow of the world, Love
which outlives
All sin and wrong, Compassion
which forgives
To the uttermost, and Justice
whose clear eyes
Through lapse and failure look
to the intent,
And judge our frailty by the life
we meant. *Whittier*

Necessary For Pleasure

Not only is there no virtue where there is no rule and no law, but there is not even pleasure. Even children's games have rules and could not exist without them. *Amiel*

No Tickets, Please

THE London Passenger Transport Board have issued an appeal to parents not to allow their children to gather used bus tickets from the streets.

It appears that, from time to time, the Board receive parcels of used bus tickets collected by children, mostly round bus stops in busy thoroughfares. This, of course, is all wrong, for used bus tickets should be placed in containers provided for the purpose. If the public fail to do their duty, that is no reason why the lives of children should be jeopardised.

Hand in Hand

WE need more and more the speedy application of scientific methods to our industrial affairs, said Lord Woolton recently. "As a nation we have, perhaps because of our wealth, been somewhat slow in making the fullest use of our knowledge."

War has shown us as never before that Science and Industry must go hand in hand. War, too, has impoverished us and it will need all that Science and Industry together can do to make us prosperous once more.

NICE DAY!

THE weather is always news—in Britain at any rate—but until recently it was always stale news, for the censor forbade details of it until after ten days.

Now, for the first time since war broke out, weather news only two days old may be revealed, and everybody is pleased; for it will be nice to learn quickly that the day before yesterday was, as you thought, the mildest for the season in 50 years, or the coldest since 1888, or even more probably, the wettest on record. But until the war ends it looks as though we must wait for news of yesterday's weather until tomorrow!

RISE AT DAWN

If we would know how lovely this world is we must get up with the sun and see the dawn of "one of those heavenly days that cannot die." In such an hour the sun begins his work.

He brings us the breeze from the sea, the dew on the grass, the fruits of the orchard, and the flowers of the field. With his coming in the morning the garden that looks so still is as busy as a workshop. *Arthur Mee*

Not In Vain

He who thinks and stands alone,
Alone shall surely fall:
Our very woes are not our own,
But held in trust for all.

For we who work, and we who weep,
Nor weep nor work in vain
If other hands our harvest reap,
And other hearts with joy shall leap,
To garner up our grain.

G. J. Whyte-Melville

ROMANCE AND REALITY

IN the mountains of Northern Italy railways so wind and zigzag their way up that sometimes they bring us three or four times within sight of the same object.

The men of our Eighth Army may wonder whether the same perplexity in progression applies to the rivers of Italy. Having twice crossed what is called the River Rubicon, celebrated by its place in the career of Julius Caesar, they have now crossed the headwaters of the River Pisciatello, and lo, this again is called the Rubicon. So, they will find, are other streams yet awaiting them. Local patriotism, claiming the historic name for so many watercourses, causes confusion to the simple soldier and traveller.

Our troops who have reached Greece will have found the rivers there very different in character. For not one of them is navigable and many do not flow in summer. They are mostly mountain torrents, and the cutting down of the ancient forests has parched the land they drain. At Athens they will see the Ilissus, famous in the story of that ancient city state, and charmingly described in Plato's dialogue, Phaedrus, 23 centuries ago. The autumn rains may have set it flowing, but in summer it is dry for most of its course.

When that illustrious Englishman, John Bright, thrilled by the magic of its name, set out to explore this river, he received a shock. It was a case, not of too many Rubicons, but of too little Ilissus.

"After walking some hundred yards or so up what appeared to be a mountain torrent," he afterwards said, "I came upon a number of Athenian laundresses, and found that they had dammed up the famous classical river, and were using every drop of its water for their washing purposes."

Service and Progress

THE Three Feathers, of Southern Rhodesia, is a society of scientists and technical experts who are determined to make their skill serve their country and the British Commonwealth war effort. Their emblem is, appropriately enough, the familiar three feathers, with its motto Ich Dien—I serve.

Not long ago dentists in Southern Rhodesia ran short of metal alloy for stopping teeth. The Three Feathers experimented with certain substances which are part of Rhodesia's national resources, and eventually they produced a metal alloy which was 99.99 per cent. pure. This very high quality material is now famous among dentists half the world over. The Eastern Group Supply Council, which organises United Nations' war supplies in the East and the Far East, has already placed an order for 18,000 ounces of the alloy.

Because the Three Feathers stand for service, and not for profit, the members give their time and skill without fee. When success comes and profits are made the money goes to help forward other work of the society. In this way service leads to progress.

The Fossil Enthusiast of Glastonbury

Many a man whose claim to remembrance now lies buried deep in the pages of biographical dictionaries had a life more colourful than that of most of our heroes of fiction. We have been reminded of this fact by reading, in the latest Proceedings of the Somerset Natural History Society, Dr Bulleid's account of Thomas Hawkins, the eccentric fossil collector of Glastonbury.

It was in 1818, as a little boy of eight, that Thomas Hawkins ran away from home after his natural history collection had been thrown away during a spring-cleaning. He took refuge with an aunt at Manor Farm, by Meare Church, and there he stayed till a terrible drought in the following year, when the destruction of the world by fire was foretold for a certain date. Fearing the flames, he ran on the fatal day to the river at Westhay to drown himself. There, to confirm his worst fears, he found the peat moor on fire, and fell into the water in a faint, being rescued by a dairymaid in the nick of time.

The Boy at the Museum

Thomas was educated at Glastonbury with the Metford children, Quakers who lived at the Old Hall on the north side of the High Street. (The fine 18th century staircase from this house is now in the Victoria and Albert Museum in London.)

When he was 12 Thomas travelled to London for the first time, revelling in the treasures of the British Museum after wriggling from the grasp of a sturdy porter who had tried to turn him out owing to his youth. Back at Glastonbury he collected all the coins, pottery, and fossils he could get, and at the age of 18 resolved to obtain for his country a geological collection second to none. He loved Glastonbury Abbey, and saved a corner turret of St Joseph's Chapel from being used as a stone quarry. After studying anatomy under Sir Astley Cooper, the famous surgeon, he went to live at Sharpham, Henry Fielding's birthplace near Glastonbury.

When scarcely 24 he published the first of his two works on the "Great Sea Dragons," books which have been described as curiosities of scientific literature. His collection from every part of England then weighed more than 20 tons, and was bought by the British Museum for £3000.

Hawkins was advised to try

sea-bathing as a cure for deafness, and it was while he was at Charmouth in Dorset that big storms exposed on the beach what he described as fossil dragons. He arrived at Lyme Regis just as an Ichthyosaurus was being uncovered by Mary Anning, the carpenter's daughter who at the age of 12 had discovered the first creature of this kind known to science. After several thousand loads of earth had been removed the remains, weighing a ton, were packed in boxes and sent to Glastonbury. With skill and patience never known before Hawkins chipped from dawn to dark for the next two weeks, removing the superfluous matrix, and embedding the fossilised bones in 3000 lbs of plaster of Paris.

Besides his work for geology Hawkins wrote books of poetry, stood for Parliament, and interested himself in London drainage. But it was by his preservation and restoration of extinct reptiles that he won his measure of fame.

STAMP CURIOSITIES

A STAMP issued a short time ago in America to commemorate the seventy-fifth anniversary of the first transcontinental railway has a peculiar mistake in its design. A flag fluttering to the left is at the side of a completed railway track on which a train is running, but the smoke from the train is being blown in the opposite direction.

A set of stamps issued in 1893 to commemorate the four-hundredth anniversary of Columbus's discovery of America contains another interesting anomaly. One pictures Columbus in sight of land, and the other shows the landing; but although only a few hours separated these events, Columbus is depicted as clean shaven in one picture and with a full beard in the other. The reason is that the pictures were by two artists, each with his own different conception of Columbus.



THIS ENGLAND Thatched cottages in the delightful Oxfordshire village of Great Tew

AN OCCASION OF GREAT JOY

HARVEST Festival in an Indian village is an exciting and joyful occasion and does not always depend on the gathering of crops at certain times of the year. The story of one harvest festival in a village of Southern India has been told recently by a young English missionary who helped in the celebrations.

The village was on the plain, but the mountains round it went up to over two thousand feet. It was an open-air festival celebrated in front of the small whitewashed school chapel with the whole village assembled on the sun-baked compound. On the ground were rows of hand-woven baskets each filled with grain, these, with banana leaves over the porch, being the only outward signs of harvest festival.

But to the village it was an occasion in which all could take part. A procession of the whole population marched round the village, with the children in front singing lyrics. Then came the adults carrying baskets on their heads. Some carried live chickens, or led a goat to the church. These were tied up outside while a short service of thanksgiving was held in the little church.

Then came the exciting part of the festival—the auction. This was conducted from the porch of the church, which offered a little shade from the sun. The auctioneer set to work. He held a large wooden hammer which he banged on the wall of the entrance way. By his side, as clerk, stood the teacher carefully writing down the bids, knowing that many of the bids came from poor villagers who had not only made gifts but were preparing to buy them back for the benefit of the school.

First the large baskets of grain were sold. All the prices bid were far above market value.

The auctioneer showed his skill best when he came to auction the chickens. He held each bird by the legs, and when the highest price was reached he deftly released the bird so that it landed clean into the arms of the purchaser. It was up to the purchaser to secure his bird as best he could if the flight was not successfully completed. But usually the auctioneer propelled it very neatly.

The last thing to be auctioned was a solitary egg, so small that it was not much bigger than a good-sized marble. The auctioneer hesitated about putting it up for auction. But in the crowd he saw a European and appealed to him to start the bidding, which finally reached one shilling much to the great merriment of the crowd.

After their purchases the villagers lined up before the teacher and each carefully paid for his purchases. Only forty years ago such a peaceful ending would have been impossible in that village. There would have been a fight and perhaps many deaths, for the villagers obtained a living mainly by thieving and marauding through the countryside. The teacher collected over fifty shillings as a result of the harvest festival auction; and in the evening, to continue the celebrations, all the men of the village gathered together in front of the school and listened to the teacher reading passages from the life of Sadhu Sundar Singh.

There's Nothing Like Wood

ALMOST everyone knows that aeroplanes are once again being made of wood, and most of us have heard of the new resinous glues which have made possible waterproof plywood, which can be used even for covering exposed roofs.

The researches made during the war may lead to a much more general use of wood, and for its use in many unusual ways. Already aeroplane propellers are being made from blocks which consist of many sheets of wood, glued and pressed into solid blocks, and then carved. Hardwood waste is turned into sawdust, treated with acid, and moulded as a plastic. The new plywoods are moulded and shaped in ways impossible a few years ago, and there seems no limit to the number of uses to which even the cheapest and most common timbers can be put.

Unusual names have come into the news during the war years. "Balsa," grown in Ecuador, is the lightest of all woods. It is used in aeroplanes, for rafts and other war purposes, but it is also valuable as an insulating material in houses. There are many other tropical trees which have been pressed into service during the war, and it may well be that when shipping is available, some of them will become as familiar to us as Columbian pine and Douglas fir were in the old days. Of these newcomers, it is said that the Burmese iron-wood (pyinkado) is harder and more lasting than teak, and that guijin, from the same country, is ideal for flooring and similar purposes owing to its straight grain.

When our forefathers said "There's nothing like wood" they usually referred to British oak; we may, in the future, apply the same saying to new timbers and to new ways of using them.

THE LANGUAGE OF PIRATES

WHO would have dreamed that we should find Goering, one of our most ferocious Nazi enemies, using a phrase dear to British children? Speaking recently of the immense international armies arrayed against his land he said, "The three greatest Powers in the World are marshalled against us. Such a concentration of forces is almost a compliment to Germany!"

Where has that last phrase, slightly varied, been familiarly heard by tens of thousands of British children? Where but in Peter Pan! It crops up, appropriately enough, with the assembly of a group of pirates. Two of them, Captain Hook, the leader, and Smee, the bespectacled buccaneer who uses a sewing-machine, confer in the absence of the others, and Hook confesses that he goes in fear of a certain crocodile, which has carried off his right arm.

"The brute liked my arm so much, Smee," he says, "that he has followed me ever since from sea to sea, and from land to land." Then it is that Smee anticipates Goering. "In a way it is a sort of compliment," he murmurs.

In the end the crocodile gets his man; in the end the Allies will get theirs, too.



Cab, Sir?

Leisure moments in Eindhoven—British Tommies enjoy a stroll and a Dutch cabbie waits for a fare.

WORLD AIRWAYS, UNLIMITED

WHEN the clouds of war have cleared away the world will shrink. For then will begin an era of rapid communication when no place on earth need be more than three or four days distant from any other place.

Before this can come about, however, there must be international agreement on the numerous problems that will arise. A start is being made this week at Chicago, where representatives of many nations are meeting in conference.

The views of the British Government on international air transport have been announced in a White Paper.

After pointing out the vast potentialities of air transport due to recent technical advances and its effects for good, or ill, on relations between States, the White Paper says that "some form of international collaboration will be essential if the air is to be developed in the interests of mankind as a whole, trade served, international understanding fostered, and some measure of international security gained."

A new world-wide law of the air is called for to replace the Paris Convention of 1919, which affected Europe in the main, and the Havana Convention of 1928, which concerned the Americas.

There should be international collaboration to provide plentiful, efficient, and cheap air services; to avoid wasteful competition; to control subsidies; and to standardise practice on technical

matters important to the safety of flying.

The new Convention should reaffirm the principle of national sovereignty of the air; and define the degree of freedom of the air to be enjoyed by other States in the matters of passing over and engaging in traffic on national territory. It should provide for the fixing of rates, the licensing of international air operators and the denial of facilities for unlicensed operators, as well as provide for arbitration in matters of dispute. States concerned should be obliged to provide or allow to be provided adequate ground, radio, and meteorological services which should, so far as possible, be standardised.

An international air authority should be established which would have under it an operational executive with subsidiary regional panels, and sub-commissions to deal with technical matters. This authority would consist of representatives of the ratifying States with equitable voting powers, and would in due course be linked with a world security organisation.

These proposals will be discussed at Chicago where, it is hoped, provisional agreements will be reached so that an early start may be made when the war ends. This Conference should provide a foundation for a great international structure of world airways like that envisaged in the British White Paper.

A Great Empire Man

"In him passes one of the greatest South Africans of our generation." Thus did General Smuts, in a last tribute to his dear friend and comrade, assess the late Colonel Deney's Reitz, High Commissioner for South Africa in London.

Deney's Reitz was foe turned friend, and never did this country have a more loyal friend. A lad of 17 when the Boer War broke out, he at once joined in the bitter fighting against us, and even when peace was made he remained an implacable enemy of British rule. But his admiration for General Smuts led him eventually to a warm affection and regard for Britain.

In the end Deney's Reitz became as staunch a friend of this country as General Smuts himself; and in January 1943 he took up his appointment as High Commissioner with unbounding enthusiasm and a wealth of understanding that won him wide esteem.

Speaking in London only a few months ago he said, "I am a Dutchman, an old Boer who fought against the British; and yet I am proud to stand before you today as a representative of my country within the Commonwealth." There spoke a true friend; and certain it is that never did South Africa have a worthier representative.

BEDTIME CORNER

HOME, SWEET HOME

To Sparrow said Mouse:

Alas! what a house!
Thank goodness that I
Don't live in the sky;
No roof to my nest,
A cold on my chest,
A draught round my nose,
And frostbitten toes!

Said Sparrow to Mouse:

Fate gave me a house
Made just to my mind.
To you it assigned
A hole dull and dark
And cramped as the Ark,
To me the whole sky
To sing in and fly.
Come hunger and cold,
Come wind on the wold,
Life's fairest gifts are
A song and a star.

The Goat and the Vine

A GOAT hard pressed by the huntsmen fled for safety to a vineyard, and lay hidden under the friendly shelter of a vine.

When he thought the huntsmen had passed, he began to eat the leaves of the vine. But the noise attracted the huntsmen, who soon found the goat and killed him.

"Ah!" said the goat as he died, "I deserve this for having begun to destroy my protector."

To be ungrateful is the lowest of all sins.

Well Cleared!



PRAYER

DEAR Jesus in Heaven
above, Who hearest and
seest all things, please guide
my little ship safely through
Life's great wide sea, and keep
me safe while I am sailing it.
Amen

THE ISLAND OF DISPUTE

If ever an island deserved to figure as the setting for film or story it is Jan Mayen. This island, which is slightly smaller than the Isle of Wight, lies bleak and mountainous midway between northern Norway and Greenland.

On Jan Mayen Island since March 1941 a little company of heroic Norwegians, undeterred by the hardships of a bitter climate, recurrent shortage of supplies, and danger of German attack, has been sending us, every three hours, night and day, winter and summer, reports of weather conditions in the Arctic. Upon these reports our own meteorologists have based forecasts of the first importance to our land and sea operations, not least in respect of our convoys to Russia.

Never had island a stranger history. Its present name is that of an old Dutch captain of Shakespeare's time who, geographers have reason to believe, never even saw the island; but it has had a succession of names. It was the way of old-time sealers and whalers, on sighting the island, to fancy themselves the first to have done so and to bestow on it a name of their own choosing. Immortal Hudson, after whom Hudson's Bay is named, was really its discoverer, and in 1607 he called it Hudson's Tutches, which was his free-and-easy way of spelling Touthes. After that it was "discovered" and named successively Trinity Island, Ile de Richelieu, then Jan May's Hoek, and finally Jan Mayen Island.

Who, after all, owned the island? Sixty years ago Austria was in possession, maintained a scientific expedition there for a year, and then withdrew. In 1921 Norway established a meteorological station on Jan Mayen, and in 1929 declared the island incorporated in the Norwegian State. Astonishing events followed. A Norwegian citizen in 1930 challenged his nation's

rights, and proved that he had entered into possession of the island before Norway set up her claim to it. While the hearing of the case was proceeding in the law courts at Oslo, up rose an aged Norwegian seaman to declare that Jan Mayen was formerly his and that he had sold it!

The veteran produced documents proving that he had possessed Jan Mayen before the other claimant, and that, in 1917, with the First World War at its height, he was approached by Hugo Stinnes, the German industrial millionaire, who offered him a million gold crowns for the island. The ancient mariner told the Court that he had accepted the offer, but that the Norwegian Government had refused to permit the bargain, compelling him to convey his rights to the State for one-hundredth of what Stinnes had contracted to pay him.

However, Jan Mayen became incontestably the territory of Norway, and, during the last three-and-a-half years, unknown to the world at large, has been night and day furnishing us with information of great worth to the Allied cause.

The Old Boys

KING'S SCHOOL, Canterbury, is fortunate in its old boys.

It has recently received from two of them handsome gifts—one of £10,000 from Mr Somerset Maugham, the author, for the purpose of establishing scholarships; the other, £3500 to establish leaving exhibitions for boys who intend to be medical students.

Romany's Caravan at Rest

ALREADY many hundreds of people, children and grown-ups, have visited Romany's caravan, and have been welcomed by Muriel and Doris of the Northern B B C Children's Hour, with Raq, Romany's famous grey and silver spaniel, never very far away, much to everyone's delight.

This weathered horse-drawn caravan was bought from gypsies in 1921 at Brough Hill Fair while Romany was on a walking tour with his wife in the Appleby district. Since then it has achieved great renown, moving round the country, resting at places in the Scottish Border country or the wind-swept moors of Yorkshire, finally to find sanctuary in the leafy lanes of Cheshire. As The Vardo it has been familiar to millions who enjoyed Romany's broadcasts, and many thousands more whose delight it was to ramble in spirit with his varied companions, whether linked by written or spoken word.

Everyone who has visited the caravan has seen the binoculars, camera, magnifying glass, camp-bed, the Willow pattern china, each article well-known by Romany's reference to them. His waterproof cape and south-wester are there, too, evidence of the true naturalist, with his water colours and photographs of birds and the charcoal drawings displaying that delightful humour which endeared him to friends of all ages.

As the CN has already reported, the Wilmslow Council, along with his famous Children's Hour companions, hope to make a "Romany Walk," and there his caravan will find permanent rest.

Always at Their Post

LIKE many another of our essential public services, the postal service has had its full quota of "call-ups," and has had to do the best that it could with depleted staffs, supplemented by women and men not liable for military service.

We are, perhaps, inclined to take the postman's knock for granted, yet day by day these workers pursue their tasks, in all weathers and conditions. Those who worked in bombed towns and cities, and, above all, those who endured the flying-bomb perils, are especially to be admired. In spite of all dangers and difficulties, letters and parcels were delivered at their destination.

We all look for the postman and for the thrill of a letter through the letter-box. Let us spare a thought and a "thank you" for the men and women who have carried on.

POTATO NEWS

DRIED potatoes in strip form are being made available for catering establishments.

These potato strips have to be soaked in boiling water, kept hot for half an hour and then cooked for a short time. They can be served in many forms—boiled, mashed, fried, baked, or as a basis for rissoles and fish-cakes.

A pound of the dried potatoes, price 1s 10d, will produce five pounds of potatoes when cooked. They are packed in tins containing 12 lbs. Their main advantage is that they are labour-saving.

TURKEY LOOKS TO THE WEST

THIS week the Turkish Republic, founded on October 29, 1923, comes of age. The date is celebrated annually as a national festival, but this year it has an added significance.

We have seen an almost incredible change effected during a generation in Russia, but she has a far richer soil and a denser population than her neighbour in Asia. Russia, too, had always been free from foreign interference in her internal affairs. But Turkey's saviour, Mustafa Kemal, had a beaten, broken nation of only 16 million people to rescue from utter destruction, and before his death, which occurred in 1938, he had wrought a miracle that has few parallels in history.

Her Shrunken Empire

Turkey was formerly one of the mightiest Powers in the world, with immense territories in Europe, Asia, and Africa. Her vast empire gradually declined and shrank, and she emerged from the 1914-18 war with only 285,000 square miles in Asia and less than 10,000 square miles in Europe. Kemal, a man of extraordinary courage and genius, rallied the shattered remnant of this once-dreaded Power. He dismissed the last of the long line of corrupt Sultans, founded the Turkish Republic, abolished the office of Caliph that had made the Sultans for centuries head of the Moslem world, transferred the capital from European Constantinople to Ankara in Asia Minor, and made government the work of an elected Parliament.

In order to overcome the age-long authority of religion he ordered that no priest, Moslem, Christian, or Jew, should wear clerical dress except in his mosque, church, or synagogue. Moreover, everybody was ordered to wear a hat with a brim instead of the fez, a symbol of the old religion.

One of Kemal's greatest reforms was the liberation of women from their strict seclusion behind high walls, so that they could come forth, unveiled, to share in the work and business of the country. Today Turkish girls enjoy the open-air freedom of our own girls; they work in offices and elsewhere, and even pilot aeroplanes.

People's Houses

Then there was the nation to educate, for very few Turks could read or write. Where possible, he sent grown-ups to school, and he ordained that every child should receive instruction at the public expense. He abolished the complex Arab characters and substituted our Latin alphabet.

As a means of furthering education and health and happiness, a number of what are called People's Houses have been established. These, frequented by all classes and all ages, with professors and scientists as enthusiastic voluntary teachers, provide instruction in language, history, and the arts. Furnished with radio sets and lending libraries they promote social co-operation.

The Turkish Government is a kind of State Socialism, the Republican People's Party—the only recognised party—controlling the Grand National Assembly. Every Turk over 23 may vote in the elections and become a Deputy at 31.

For the past ten years the State has owned, or controlled mainly through the banks, the

chief means of communications, the industries, mines, and public utility services. Adopting two five-year plans, it has created new staple industries such as iron and steel, mining, textile, paper, glass, and cement. The Karabuk iron and steel works, opened in 1939, have an output of some 500,000 tons a year.

Agriculture, which employs 65 per cent of the population, is, however, Turkey's main industry, its exports, led by tobacco, more than pay for all the country's imports. Both the farmers and the business community have prospered during the war and this year's Budget, though three times higher than in 1939, was balanced with ease.

During these 21 years Turkey, though almost entirely confined to Asia, has adopted the standards and ways of life of the Western World.

France a State Again

THE Allies have officially recognised General de Gaulle's Administration as the Provisional Government of France and thereby placed it on a basis equal to that of their own governments.

The announcement of this recognition was accompanied by a declaration that the greater part of France, including Paris, was being transferred from military administration under General Eisenhower to the control of the French Government.

ALWAYS REMEMBERING

that the Christian life embraces the whole life, the East End Mission for nearly sixty years has been helping men, women and children to achieve their full potentialities. Its work among the poor of Stepney, from cradle to old age, is greatly in need of additional support. Do please help. THE REV. RONALD F. W. BOLLON, Supt., THE EAST END MISSION (Founded 1885), Bromley Street, Commercial Road, Stepney, E.1.

ROUND THE WORLD WITH BSA

INDIA—country of contrasts

—combining tropic heat and freezing cold, luxurious palaces, lowly hovels, and — B.S.A. bicycles besides the jewelled palanquin of a Rajah.

This strange and fascinating land teems with adventure, but none more exciting than the gallant attempts to conquer Mount Everest—the highest peak in the Himalayas—towering 29,000 feet above the earth's surface. Menacing monsoon snows and sweeping avalanches make ascents impossible except during one short period of the year—and already seven organised expeditions made from 1921 to 1938 have paid a toll of nine valuable lives.

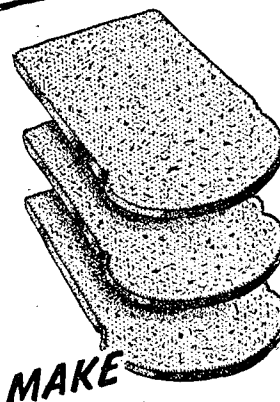
But while Mount Everest yet remains a challenge to the adventurous and courageous, there is little doubt that some day soon another ascent will be made and the limitless patience of the men who have tried to beat her will at last be rewarded. When you hear of patience exercised in such a big way it should be easy for you to be just a little bit patient about that B.S.A. Bicycle you want. Wartime conditions limit their supply but your local dealer will help your parents get one for you.

BSA THE
BICYCLE YOU CAN'T BEAT!

B.S.A. Cycles Ltd., Birmingham 11.



THIN SLICES



MAKE

Hovis

go further!

BEST BAKERS BAKE IT
Macclesfield

Bouncer Makes a Great Mistake



ONE day while Jacko was playing with Bouncer in the garden a street musician came on the scene. The wailing noises coming from his huge brass instrument had a strange effect on Bouncer, and with one bound he cleared the fence and dived to find out their cause. Perhaps he expected to find a cat or a chorus of cats, but at any rate the wailing suddenly ceased and growling took its place. And it was a very angry musician who proceeded forcibly to pull Bouncer from the instrument, much to the interest of a passing cat and the concern of Jacko.

TOO MUCH CAPITAL

TEACHER: "Why have you spent 'bank' with a big B?"

Boy at the bottom of the class: "You told us the other day, sir, that a bank must have a large capital!"

Garden Riddles

WHAT flower grows in a vegetable garden? *Cauliflower.*
Where did the first tree grow? *In the ground.*

When was it that the rose rose? *When it saw the rain drop.*
What nut is never found growing on a tree? *A doughnut.*

What stands on one leg with its heart in its head? *A cabbage.*
Why is a good lettuce the most kindly of vegetables? *Because it is all heart.*

A Queer Sum

CAN you take 45 from 45 and leave 45?

This is how it is done:

$$9+8+7+6+5+4+3+2+1=45$$

$$1+2+3+4+5+6+7+8+9=45$$

$$8+6+4+1+9+7+5+3+2=45$$

Match Magic

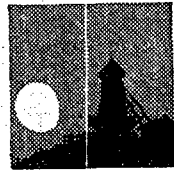
WITH matches or small bits of stick make the word UNITED on the table.

Now rearrange to form a word meaning the opposite.

All that is necessary is to reverse the I and the T so that the word reads UNTIED.

Other Worlds

IN the evening Venus is in the south-west, and Saturn is in the east. In the morning Jupiter is in the south-east, and Saturn is in the south. The picture shows the moon as it may be seen at



8 pm on Friday, November 3.

COUPON-CARELESS

THERE was an old man in a pew, Whose waistcoat was spotted with blue.

But he tore it in pieces

To give to his nieces,

That cheerful old man in a pew.

The BRAN TUB

WATCHED POT

FIRST ELF: "I thought you said that we could boil our kettle on this glow-worm stove?"

Second Elf: "Yes, but I'd forgotten that a glow-worm produces light without heat."

FARMER GRAY EXPLAINS

Autumn Granaries. Something moved inside the nest. Don stared hard. "Birds don't nest in November," he thought.

Stealthily going nearer, he saw a mouse; it was nibbling daintily at a berry, held in its tiny paw.

Bright, beady eyes watched Don. Hastily the mouse left the nest. Running down the slender branches with amazing skill, it vanished from sight. The nest contained many berries.

"A Long-tailed Field Mouse," commented Farmer Gray, hearing about this. "They're thrifty creatures, and during times of plenty set by a store for future use. Old bird-nests make splendid granaries. Nuts are usually stored below ground."

Winter Compensations

THE horse has his stable, And rackful of hay, The birds have their berries When summer's away; The dormouse and squirrel Have cradles of wool, With cobnut and acorn Their larders are full; And we have our fireside When warm days are done: O, Winter is kindly To all things, save one. The naked tree shivers And weeps till it seems That all she has left is Remembrance and dreams.

Children's Hour

Here are details of the BBC programmes for Wednesday, November 1, to Tuesday, November 7.

WEDNESDAY, 5.20 Mr Growser Moves, another Toytown play by S. G. Hulme Beaman. 5.55 Prayers.

THURSDAY, 5.20 The White Pet, a story from Folk Tales from Scotland, retold by Philippa Galloway and read by Grace McClure; followed by the BBC Scottish Orchestra, and Explorers I Have Met, by Isobel Hutchison.

FRIDAY, 5.20 Hereward the Wake, a serial play based on the book by Charles Kingsley, by Rosalie Williams—Episode 2, Hereward and Torfrida.

SATURDAY, 5.20 The Children of the New Forest, adapted from the book by Captain Marryat—Last Episode, Royalty Restored.

SUNDAY, 5.20, King Winter: seasonable verse, story, and a talk by The Woodlander on Wild Life in the Winter. 5.50 Prayers.

MONDAY, 5.20 Sandy Macpherson at the Theatre Organ. 5.35 The Tinder Box, by Hans Andersen, adapted as a dialogue story by Barbara Sleight.

TUESDAY, 5.30 Down at the Mains, by R. Gordon MacCallum—Getting Ready for a Bazaar and Concert for the Red Cross.

Nature News

THE dandelion, still in flower, will continue to bloom and seed right through the first part of the winter. It takes really severe weather to put the hardy daisy out of blossom, too.

Ladybirds are looking for safe quarters in which to hibernate.

THE DROWNING PENNY

HERE is an amusing little trick to show to your friends. Fill a tumbler almost full of water. Then across the top of the glass tie a piece of thin tissue paper.

Now rest a penny on the paper and say that you are going to make the coin fall into the tumbler without touching the glass, the paper, or the penny with your hands. Most people will think that this is quite an impossible thing to do, but you can show them how it can be done.

Allow a few drops of water to fall on the paper. Nothing will happen for a few moments but, eventually, the tissue paper will become so damp and rotten that it is no longer able to support the penny, which falls down into the glass.

A SUM WITHOUT END

ONE of the questions in the arithmetic paper was, "How many times can 16 be subtracted from 250?"

The boy at the bottom of the class handed in this answer:

250	250	250	250
16	16	16	16
234	234	234	234

I can do this any number of times.

Not Risking It

YOUNG George hesitated outside the garden gate because of the fierce-looking dog.

"Come in, George," called out his friend. "A barking dog never bites!"

"Yes, I know," said George, "but what will happen if it stops barking?"

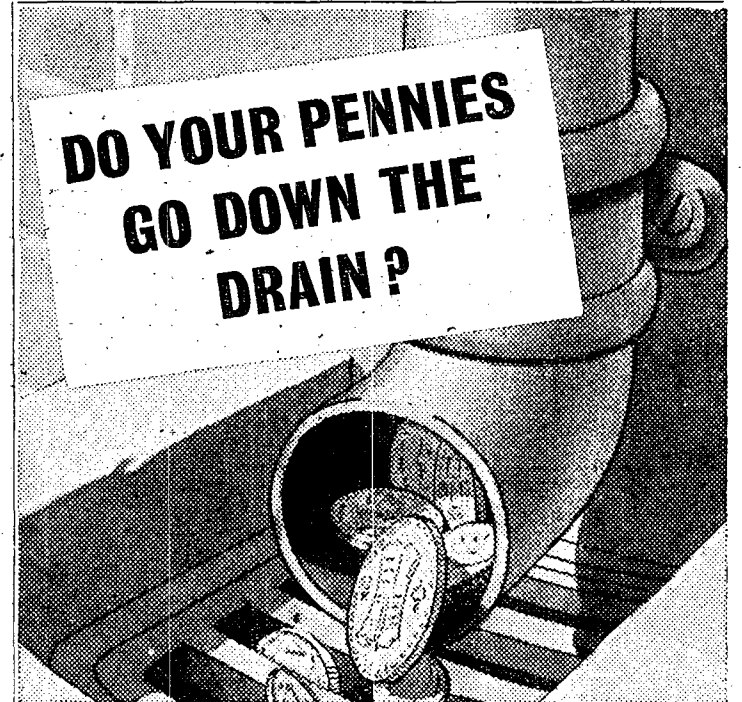
LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

The Three Fifteens
618
753
291

How Far Did They Walk?
12 miles

KILT	HEAT
LAUGER	E
NEW	ARMUS
DR	AMPIT
RABBIT	ET
COBALT	ET
IRATE	DRY
FERRY	R
EFTS	MERE

DO YOUR PENNIES GO DOWN THE DRAIN?



Do you ever lose any of your pocket money—by leaving it lying about, or through a hole in your pocket? There's an easy way of stopping this. Turn your pocket money into National Savings Stamps! You can get these 6d., 2/6 and 5/- stamps at any Post Office or through your Street or School Group. Then, wait till you've saved 15/- worth of Stamps, and exchange them for a National Savings Certificate at the Post Office. Or you can make deposits to the value of your Stamps in the Post Office or Trustee Savings Bank. Remember—it's fun to see your Savings grow!

National Savings Stamps can be exchanged for Savings Certificates, Defence Bonds, Savings Bonds, or National War Bonds of the Savings Banks issues, or used to make deposits in the Post Office or Trustee Savings Banks.

NATIONAL SAVINGS STAMPS
MAKE SAVING SIMPLE

Issued by the National Savings Committee



Mother! Child's Best Laxative is 'California Syrup of Figs'

Children love the pleasant taste of 'California Syrup of Figs,' and gladly take it even when bilious, feverish, sick or constipated. This laxative regulates the tender little bowels easily and safely. It sweetens the stomach and moves the bowels

without cramping or over-acting. Millions of mothers depend upon this gentle, harmless laxative.

Tell your chemist you want 'California Syrup of Figs,' which has full directions for babies and children of all ages. Obtainable everywhere at 1/4 and 2/6.